

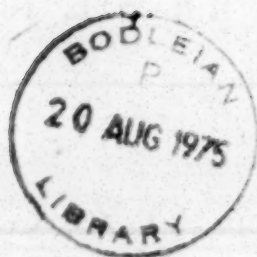
H Y M N S  
AND  
P S A L M S  
FOR THE SERVICE  
OF  
FITZ-ROY CHAPEL,  
LONDON.

Collected chiefly from some of the most  
approved Forms, with the Addition of  
new ones : And set to Music by the most  
eminent Masters.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in 1778.



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# H Y M N I.

## The DEDICATION.

Set by Mr. STANLEY.

### I.

**F**ATHER of Mercy, God of Love!  
Eternal Lord of Heav'n and  
Earth!

Who sit'st in Glory thron'd above,  
In whom all living Creatures breathe.

### II.

Sacred to Thee these Walls arise :  
Nor these do we devote alone ;  
Ourselves accept, a Sacrifice,  
Our Souls and Bodies, all thine own.

### III.

How beauteous are thy Dwellings, Lord!  
My longing Soul impatient waits  
To share the Balm of thy dear Word,  
And taste the Bliss within thy Gates.

## IV.

Bereft of ferving Thee, my King,  
 This Life's a darkfome Vale of Tears;  
 A barren Land, where not a Spring  
 Our faint exhausted Spirits chears.

## V.

By Inftinct led, the Sparrow's Care  
 Doth for her Young provide a Nef: :  
 The Swallow too, that wand'reth far,  
 Bethinks her timely of her Ref.

## VI.

Nor anxious lefs, nor lefs their Need,  
 What fhall our Souls, which Reason  
 own,  
 (Our poor, weak, wand'ring Souls) but  
 fpeed  
 To gain the Shelter of thy Throne.

## VII.

Lo! God is here! His Temples all  
 The glorious SHEKINAH doth fill,  
 Where'er his pious Creatures call,  
 And fervent feek to know his Will.

AN-



VIII.

ANCIENT OF DAYS! Mây this our Song  
As fragrant Incense to Thee rise!  
Till the angelic Choirs among  
We meet and praise Thee in the Skies.

H Y M N II.

The INVITATION.

Set by Mr. STANLEY.

I.

COME, ev'ry Sinner to the Lord,  
And seek his all-enlight'ning Word,  
That Word which saves your Soul:  
O! seek his all-sufficient Grace,  
Which can your past Misdeeds efface,  
And Satan's Pow'r controul.

II.

Wearied with Sin's oppressive Weight,  
Your Souls recline at *Jesus'* Feet,

'Tis *Jesus'* Self invites:

"Come, all ye Outcasts of Mankind,

"In my far milder Service find

"Of Rest the sweet Delights."

III.

III.

For you was born the Son of God,  
 For you his precious Lessons flow'd,  
 He wept and died for you :  
 O think then, e'er in Death you sleep,  
 Nor let in vain your Savior weep,  
 In vain your Savior sue.

IV.

Holy and blest IMMANUEL,  
 Who did'st prevail o'er Death and Hell,  
 Most mighty Thou to save !  
 Illume our darken'd Minds to see,  
 With lively Faith, our Bliss in Thee,  
 Seal'd by thy Cross and Grave.

V.

Give us, with Strength renew'd, to break  
 The galling Bondage of our Neck,  
 That Source of worst Distress !  
 When bath'd in Tears, thy Blood doth  
 bring  
 Atoning Peace ; we rise to sing  
 THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H Y M N

## H Y M N III.

## The CHRISTIAN RACE.

Set by Mr. GRATRICK.

## I.

COME, let us arise,  
 And aim at the Prize,  
 The Hope of our Calling on this Side  
 the Skies.

By Works let us shew  
 That *Jesus* we know,  
 While steadily on to Perfection we go.

## II.

We rest on his Word,  
 We shall here be restor'd  
 To his Image, the Servant shall be as  
 his Lord.

Then let us not stop,  
 But continue in Hope,  
 Rejoicing till all in his Image wake up.  
 His

III.

His Purity share,  
 His Character bear,  
 And the Truth of his hallowed Promise  
 declare.  
 Thus, thus let us stay,  
 And wait for the Day,  
 When the Angels are sent to conduct us  
 away.

H Y M N IV.

D I V I N E L O V E.

Set by Mr. T. SMART.

I.

OH! Love divine, how sweet thou  
 art!

When shall I find my longing Heart  
 All taken up with thee?  
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
 The Greatness of redeeming Love  
 The Love of Christ to me.

Oh!

## II.

O ! that I cou'd for ever sit,  
 With *Mary*, at my Master's Feet !  
 Be this my happy Choice,  
 My only Care, Delight, and Bliss,  
 My Joy, my Heav'n on Earth be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice !

## III.

O ! that with humbled *Peter* I  
 Cou'd weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
 My faithfulness to prove,  
 "Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known)  
 "Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou  
 alone,  
 "Thou know'st that Thee I love."

## IV.

O ! that with favored *John* I had  
 Permission to recline my Head  
 On my Redeemer's Breast !

From



From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting Rest.

## V.

Thy only Love do I require,  
 Nothing in Earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in Heav'n above :  
 Let Earth, and Heav'n, and all Things  
 go,  
 Give me thy only Love to know,  
 Give me thy only Love.

## H Y M N V.

## D O X O L O G Y.

## I.

COME, let us join our chearful  
 Songs,

With Angels round the Throne :  
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues  
 But all their Joys are one.

Ten thousand thousand, &c.

Wor-

II.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :

Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,  
For He was slain for us.

Worthy, &c.

III.

*Jesus* is worthy to receive

Honor and Pow'r divine :

And Blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

And blessings, &c.

IV.

The whole Creation join in one

To bless the sacred Name

Of Him that sits upon the Throne,

And to adore the Lamb.

Of him, &c.

II.

C

HYMN

H Y M N VI.

I.

*J*ESU attend, Thyself reveal :  
Are we not met in thy great Name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading  
Flame.

II.

Thou God, that answerest by Fire,  
The Spirit of Burning now impart,  
And let the Flames of pure Desire  
Rise from the Altar of our Heart.

III.

Truly our Fellowship below  
With Thee and with thy Father is :  
In Thee eternal Life we know,  
And Heav'n's unutterable Bliss.

In

## IV.

In Part we only know Thee here,  
 But wait thy coming from above;  
 And we shall then behold Thee there,  
 And we shall all be lost in Love.

## H Y M N VII.

## I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to  
 raise

Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:  
 His Nature and his Works invite  
 To make this Duty our Delight.  
 To make, &c.

## II.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly  
 Flames,  
 He counts their Numbers, calls their  
 Names:

His

His Wisdom's vast, and knows no  
Bound,

A Deep, where all our Thoughts are  
drown'd.

A Deep, &c.

III.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,  
And cloaths the smiling Fields with  
Corn:

The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,  
And the young Ravens when they cry.

And the young, &c.

IV.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,  
He views his Children with Delight,  
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,  
He sees and loves his Image there.

He sees, &c.

Praise



## V.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings  
flow ;

Praise him all Creatures here below ;

Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host ;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise Father, &c.

## H Y M N VIII.

C O M E, and let us sweetly join  
Christ to praise in Hymns divine :

Give we all, with one Accord,

Glory to our common Lord :

Strive we in Affection, strive ;

Let the purer Flame revive ;

Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,

Dying Champions for their God.

## II.

Sing we then in *Jesus*' Name,

Now as Yesterday the same,

One

One in ev'ry Age and Place,  
 Full for all of Truth and Grace.  
 Christ is now gone up on high,  
 Thither may our Wishes fly,  
 Sits at God's right Hand above,  
 There with Him we reign in Love.

## H Y M N IX.

Set by Mr. M O Z E.

## I.

**A**LL Glory and Praise  
 To the ANCIENT OF DAYS,  
 Who was born and was slain to redeem  
 a lost Race.  
 Salvation to God,  
 Who carried our Load,  
 And purchas'd our Lives with the Price  
 of his Blood.

And

## II.

And shall He not have  
 The Lives which he gave  
 Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save?  
 Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
 And gladly resign  
 Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fullness  
 divine.

## H Y M N X.

**T**HE Lord my Pasture shall pre-  
 pare,  
 And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;  
 His Presence shall my Wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful Eye:  
 My Noon-tide Walks he shall attend,  
 And all my Midnight Hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty Mountains pant,

To

To fertile Vales and dewy Meads  
 My weary wandring Steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful Rivers soft and flow  
 Amid the verdant Landscape flow.

## III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,  
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

## H Y M N XI.

**E**Ternal Pow'r, whose high Abode  
 Becomes the Grandeur of a God,  
 And far extends beyond the Bounds  
 Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

Thee

## II.

Thee while the first Archangel sings,  
 He hides his Face behind his Wings;  
 And Ranks of shining Thrones around  
 Fall worshipping, and spread the Ground.

## III.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,  
 And Worms have learnt to lisp thy  
     Name:  
 But, oh! the Glories of thy Mind  
 Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

## IV.

Yet what shall Earth and Ashes do,  
 But bow to Thee in Homage true?  
 From Sin and Dust to Thee we cry,  
 The Great, and Holy, and most High.



H Y M N XII.

Set by Mr. T. S M A R T.

I.

**H** E A D of thy Church triumphant !  
 We joyfully adore Thee ;  
 Till Thou appear, thy Members here  
 Shall sing like those in Glory.  
 We lift our Hearts and Voices  
 With blest Anticipation,  
 And cry aloud, and give to God  
 The Praise of our Salvation.

II.

Thou dost conduct thy People  
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation ;  
 Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,  
 The Fire of Tribulation.  
 The World, with Sin and Satan,  
 In vain our March opposes ;  
 By Thee we shall break thro' them all,  
 And sing the Song of *Moses*.

By

III.

By Faith we see the Glory,  
 To which Thou shalt restore us,  
 The Cross despise for that high Prize,  
 Which Thou hast set before us :  
 And if Thou count us worthy,  
 We each, as dying *Stephen*,  
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right  
 Hand,  
 And take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XIII.

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

I.

**H**AIL! holy Faith, whose Hand  
 benign  
 Points out the blest Abode,  
 And raising human to Divine,  
 Leads Nature to her God.

II.

Thee glowing Hope, Celestial Maid,  
 In Union sweet attends,  
 Improves the Scene thy Care display'd,  
 And added Beauty blends.

III.

Nor e'er fair Partners do ye stray  
 From her, your Sister Grace,  
 Blest Charity; whose kindly Ray  
 Exalts all human Race.

IV.

To Him be sacred all our Lays,  
 Whose Pity to Distress  
 Gave Hope to cheer, gave Faith to  
 raise,  
 And Charity to bless.

HYMN

H Y M N XIV.

I.

O God of all Grace,  
 Thy Goodness we praise,  
 Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our  
 Place.  
 With Joy we approve  
 The Design of thy Love;  
 'Tis a Wonder on Earth, and a Wonder  
 above.

II.

He hath ransom'd our Race,  
 O! how shall we praise,  
 Or worthily sing thy unspeakable Grace?  
 Nothing else will we know,  
 In our Journey below,  
 But singing thy Grace to thy Paradise  
 go.

Nay,

III.

Nay, and when we remove  
To the Mansions above,  
Our Heav'n shall still be to sing of thy  
Love.

Thrice happy Employ !  
We there shall enjoy  
A Fullness of Pleasure that never can  
cloy.

IV.

O ! hasten the Day !  
Thou wilt not delay,  
But quickly return, and conduct us  
away.

E'er long we shall fly  
To the Regions on high ;  
For Israel's Strength cannot vary nor lie.

H Y M N



## H Y M N XV.

## I.

**H**E comes, He comes, the Judge  
severe !

The seventh Trumpet speaks Him near ;  
His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll ;  
How welcome to the faithful Soul.

## II.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,  
See the Almighty *Jesus* crown'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
And Glory decks the Savior's Face.

## III.

Descending on his azure Throne,  
He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;  
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,  
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

## IV.

Shout all that fill the spacious Sky,  
And all the Saints of the Most High :  
Our

Our Lord, who now his Right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

## H Y M N XVI.

## I.

**T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in Blood no more :  
Adore the Scatt'rer of your Fears,  
Your rising Sun adore.

## II.

'The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;  
He breaks again the Bands of Death,  
Again the Dead arise.

## III.

Alone the dreadful Race He ran,  
Alone the Wine-Press trod ;  
He died and suffer'd as a Man,  
He rises as a God.

In

## IV.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
 Forbid an early Rise,  
 To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,  
 And opens Paradise,

## H Y M N XVII.

For E A S T E R D A Y.

## I.

**C**H R I S T the Lord is ris'n To-day,  
 Sons of Men and Angels say:  
 Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,  
 Sing ye, Heav'ns and Earth reply.

## II.

Love's redeeming Work is done,  
 Fought the Fight, the Battle won,  
 Lo! Our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,  
 Lo! He sits in Blood no more.

E

Vain

III.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell :  
Death in vain forbids his Rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,  
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting ?  
Once He died our Souls to save ;  
Where's thy Victory, O Grave ?

V.

Soar we now, where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XVIII.

## I.

**H**A I L, *Jesus*, hail, our great High-  
Priest,

Enter'd into thy glorious Rest,  
That holy blissful Place above!  
The Conquest Thou hast more than  
gain'd,  
The heav'nly Happiness obtain'd,  
For all that trust thy dying Love.

## II.

The Blood of Goats and Bullocks slain  
Cou'd never purge our guilty Stain,  
Cou'd never for our Sins atone:  
But Thou thine own most precious Blood  
Hast spilt, to quench the Wrath of God,  
Hast sav'd us by thy Blood alone.

## III.

Shed on the Altar of thy Cross,  
Thy Blood to God presented was,  
E 2 Thro'



Thro' the Eternal Spirit's Pow'r :  
 Thou did'st a spotless Victim bleed,  
 That we, from Sin and Suffering freed,  
 Might live to God and Sin no more.

## IV.

Thankful we now the Earnest take,  
 The Pledge, Thou wilt at last come back,  
 And openly thy Servants own :  
 To us, who long to see Thee here,  
 Thou shalt a second Time appear,  
 And bear us to thy glorious Throne.

## H Y M N XIX.

## I.

**O** God ! my God ! my All Thou art,  
 E'er shines the Dawn of rising  
 Day :  
 Thy Sov'reign Light within my Heart,  
 Thine all enliv'ning Pow'r, display.

II.

In a dry Land, behold, I place  
 My whole Desire on Thee, O Lord !  
 And more I joy to gain thy Grace,  
 Than all Earth's Treasures can afford.

III.

In blessing Thee with grateful Songs  
 My happy Life shall glide away ;  
 The Praise, that to thy Name belongs,  
 Hourly with lifted Hands I'll pay.

IV.

Abundant Sweetness, while I sing  
 Thy Love, my ravish'd Soul o'erflows,  
 Thou, who beneath thy shadowing Wing  
 Dost bid my feeble Heart repose.

V.

More dear than Life itself—thy Love  
 My Heart and Tongue shall still em-  
 ploy :

And

And to declare thy Praise, will prove  
My Peace, my Glory, and my Joy.

H Y M N XX.

For the SACRAMENT.

I.

AH! tell us no more  
The Spirit and Pow'r  
Of *Jesus* our God  
Is not to be found in this Life-giving  
Food.

II.

Did *Jesus* ordain  
His Supper in vain,  
And furnish a Feast  
For none but his earliest Servants to  
taste?

III.

Nay, but this is his Will  
(We know it and feel)

That

That we shou'd partake  
The Banquet for all He so freely did  
make.

IV.

In rapturous Bliss  
He bids us do this ;  
The Joy it imparts  
Hath witness'd his gracious Design in  
our Hearts.

V.

Receiving the Bread  
On *Jesus* we feed :  
It doth not appear  
What Manner He works in ; but *Jesus*  
is here.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXI.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

**H**ARK! how all the Welkin rings  
Halleluiah.  
Glory to the King of Kings!  
Halleluiah.  
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild!  
Halleluiah.  
God and Sinners reconcil'd!  
Halleluiah.

II.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,  
Halleluiah.  
Join the Triumph of the Skies.  
Halleluiah.  
Universal Nature say, Halleluiah.  
CHRIST the LORD is born to Day.  
Halleluiah.

CHRIST



III.

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd.  
Halleluiah.

CHRIST, the everlasting LORD.  
Halleluiah.

Late in Time behold Him come !  
Halleluiah.

Offspring of a Virgin's Womb !  
Halleluiah.

IV.

Mild, He lays his Glory by.  
Halleluiah.

Born, that Man no more may die.  
Halleluiah.

Born, to raise the Sons of Earth.  
Halleluiah.

Born, to give them second Birth.  
Halleluiah.

F

Now

V.

Now display thy saving Pow'r.

Halleluiah.

Ruin'd Nature now restore.

Halleluiah.

Now in mystic Union join

Halleluiah.

Thine to our's, and our's to Thine.

Halleluiah.

VI.

Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain :

Halleluiah.

Thee the Life, the heav'nly Man.

Halleluiah.

O ! to all Thyself impart,

Halleluiah.

Form'd in each believing Heart.

Halleluiah.

Come,

## VII.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Halleluiah.

Fix in us thy humble Home.  
Halleluiah.

Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,  
Halleluiah.

Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.  
Halleluiah.

## H Y M N XXII.

## I.

**H**E dies, the heav'nly Lover dies !  
The Tidings strike a doleful  
Sound

On my poor Heart-strings ; deep He lies  
In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two  
On the dear Bosom of your God ;

He shed a thousand Drops for you,  
A thousand Drops of richer Blood.

II.

Here's Love and Grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of Glory dies for Men !  
But, lo ! what sudden Joys I see !  
*Jesus* the dead revives again.  
The rising Christ forsakes the Tomb,  
Up to his Father's Court He flies ;  
Cherubic Legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the Skies.

III.

Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;  
Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,  
And led the Monster Death in Chains.  
Say, live for ever, wond'rous King !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save.  
Then ask the Monster, where's his Sting?  
And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting  
Grave ?

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXIII.

## I.

**T**HOU, *Jesu*, art our King,  
 Thy ceaseless Praise we sing:  
 Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,  
 Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,  
 While we vital Breath enjoy,  
 While eternal Ages roll.

## II.

Thou art th' eternal Light,  
 That shin'st in deepest Night.  
 Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic Train,  
 While Thou bowd'st the Heav'ns be-  
 neath,  
 God with God wert Man with Man,  
 Man to save from endless Death.

## III.

Thou hast o'erthrown the Foe,  
 God's Kingdom fix'd below.

Con-



Conqu'ror of all adverse Pow'r,  
 Thou Heav'n's Gates hast open'd  
 wide ;  
 Thou thine own dost lead secure  
 In thy Crofs, and by thy Side.

## IV.

Enthron'd above yon' Sky,  
 Thou reign'st with God most high.  
 Prostrate at thy Feet we fall :  
 Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n ;  
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all  
 Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n.

## H Y M N XXIV.

## I.

**T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
 Of Life the only Spring,  
 Creator of unnumber'd Worlds  
 Immensely glorious King !  
 Whose Image shakes the stagg'ring Mind,  
 Beyond Conception high,  
 Crown'd

Crown'd with Omnipotence, and veil'd  
With dark Eternity.

II.

Drive from the Confines of my Heart  
Impenitence and Pride :  
Nor let me in erroneous Paths  
With thoughtless Ideots glide.  
Whate'er thine all-discerning Eye  
Sees for thy Creature fit,  
I'll bless the Good, and to the Ill  
Contentedly submit.

III.

With humane Pleasure let me view  
The Prosp'rous and the Great ;  
Malignant Envy let me fly,  
With odious Self-conceit.  
Let not Despair, nor curst Revenge,  
Be to my Bosom known :  
O! give me Tears for other's Woe,  
And Patience for my own.

Feed

## IV.

Feed me with necessary Food,  
 I ask not Wealth or Fame ;  
 But give me Eyes to view thy Works,  
 And Sense to praise thy Name.  
 May still my Days obscurely pass  
 Without Remorse or Care ;  
 And let me for the parting Hour  
 My trembling Ghost prepare.

## H Y M N XXV.

**T**HEE will I love, my Strength,  
 my Tow'r ;  
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;  
 Thee will I love with all my Pow'r,  
 In all my Works, and Thee alone.  
 Thee will I love, till thy pure Fire  
 Fill my whole Soul with chaste Desire.

Uphold

## II.

Uphold me in the doubtful Race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
 Strengthen my Feet with steady Pace  
 Still to press forward in thy Way.  
 My Soul and Flesh, O Lord of Might,  
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly Light.

## III.

Give to my Eyes repentant Tears,  
 Give to my Heart chaste, hallow'd  
 Fires,  
 Give to my Soul, with filial Fears,  
 The Love that Heav'n's whole Host  
 inspires.  
 That all my Powers with all their Might  
 In thy sole Glory may unite.

## IV.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,  
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God:  
 Thee will I love beneath thy Frown,  
 Or smile, thy Scepter or thy Rod:

G

What

What tho' my Flesh and Heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless Day.

H Y M N XXVI.

I.

**T**HE Lord JEHOVAH reigns;  
His Throne is built on high;  
The Garments He assumes  
Are Light and Majesty.  
His Glory shines with Beams so bright,  
No mortal Eye can bear the Sight.

II.

The Thunders of his Hand  
Keep the wide World in Awe;  
His Wrath and Justice stand  
To guard his holy Law.  
And where his Love resolves to bless,  
His Truth confirms and seals the Grace.

Thro'



## III.

Thro' all his mighty Works  
 Amazing Wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,  
 And breaks their dark Designs.  
 Strong is his Arm, and shall fulfil  
 His great Decrees and sovereign Will.

## IV.

And can this Sov'reign King  
 Of Glory condescend,  
 And will He write his Name,  
 My Father and my Friend?  
 I love his Name, I love his Word,  
 Join all my Pow'rs to praise the Lord.

## H Y M N XXVII.

## I.

**G**OD of unexampled Grace,  
 Redeemer of Mankind,  
 Matter of eternal Praise  
 We in thy Passion find.

Still our choicest Strains we bring,  
 Still the joyful Theme pursue,  
 Thee the Friend of Sinners sing,  
 Whose Love is ever new.

II.

Lord, we bless Thee for thy Grace  
 And Truth, which never fail,  
 Hast'ning to behold thy Face,  
 Without a dimming Veil :  
 We shall see our heav'nly King,  
 All thy glorious Love proclaim,  
 Help the Angel Choir to sing  
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

H Y M N XXVIII.

I.

**T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
 In Concert with the Blest,  
 Who joyful in harmonious Lays  
 Employ an endless Rest.

Thus

II.

Thus Lord while we remember Thee,  
 We blest and pious grow,  
 By Hymns of Praise we learn to be  
 Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad Day a brighter Scene  
 Of Glory was display'd,  
 By God, th' Eternal Word, than when  
 This Universe was made.

IV.

He rises, who Mankind has bought,  
 With Grief and Pain extreme ;  
 'Twas great to speak the World from  
 nought,  
 'Twas greater to redeem.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXIX.

## I.

**L**OVE Divine, all Loves excelling,  
Joy of Heav'n, to Earth come  
down ;

Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,  
All thy faithful Mercies crown.  
*Jesu*, Thou art all Compassion,  
Pure unbounded Love Thou art ;  
Visit us with thy Salvation,  
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart.

## II.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy Life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never  
Never more thy Temples leave.  
There we wou'd be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as thy Hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect Love.

Finish

## III.

Finish then thy new Creation,  
 Pure and sinless let us be,  
 Let us see thy great Salvation  
 Perfectly restor'd in Thee ;  
 Chang'd from Glory into Glory,  
 Till in Heav'n we take our Place,  
 Till we cast our Crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

H Y M N XXX.

P S A L M 19.

## I.

**B**EHOLD the Morning Sun  
 Begins his glorious Way ;  
 His Beams thro' all the Nations run,  
 And Life and Light convey.

## II.

But where the Gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner Light,

It



It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,  
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word!  
And all thy Judgments just!  
For ever sure thy Promise, Lord,  
And Men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy Directions given!  
O! may I never read in vain,  
But find the Path to Heav'n!

H Y M N XXXI.

P S A L M 16.

I.

**H**OW fast their Guilt and Sorrows  
rise,  
Who haste to seek some Idol-God?  
I will

I will not taste their Sacrifice,  
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

II.

My God provides a richer Cup,  
And nobler Food to live upon ;  
He for my Life has offer'd up  
*Jesus* his best-beloved Son.

III.

His Love is my perpetual Feast,  
By Day his Counsels guide me right ;  
And be his Name for ever blest,  
Who gives me sweet Advice by  
Night.

IV.

I set Him still before mine Eyes ;  
At my right Hand He stands prepar'd  
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,  
And be my everlasting Guard.

H

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXII.

P S A L M 69.

I.

**D**E E P in our Hearts let us record  
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord:  
Behold, the rising Billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

II.

In long Complaints he spends his Breath,  
While Hosts of Hell, and Pow'rs of  
Death,  
And all the Sons of Malice, join  
To execute their curst Design.

III.

Yet, gracious God, thy Pow'r and  
Love  
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove :  
Those dreadful Suff'rings of thy Son  
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

The

## IV.

The Pangs of our expiring Lord  
 The Honors of thy Law restor'd :  
 His Sorrows made thy Justice known,  
 And paid for Follies not his own.

## V.

O! for his Sake our Guilt forgive,  
 And let the mourning Sinner live!  
 The Lord will hear us in his Name,  
 Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

## I.

**I**N vain we lavish out our Lives  
 To gather empty Wind;  
 The choicest Blessings Earth can yield  
 Will starve a hungry Mind.

## II.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our Souls  
 With more substantial Meat,

H 2

With

With such as Saints in Glory love,  
With such as Angels eat.

III.

Our God will ev'ry Want supply,  
And fill our Hearts with Peace;  
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath  
The Riches of his Grace.

IV.

Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted Souls,  
And wash away our Stains,  
In the dear Fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying Veins.

V.

And lest Pollution shou'd o'erspread  
Our inward Pow'rs again,  
His Spirit shall bedew our Souls,  
Like purifying Rain.

VI.

Thus will He pour Salvation down,  
And we shall render Praise;

We



We, the dear People of his Love,  
And He, our God of Grace.

H Y M N XXXIV.

I.

**W**HENCE do our mournful  
Thoughts arise?

And where's our Courage fled?  
Has restless Sin and raging Hell  
Struck all our Comforts dead?

II.

Have we forgot th' Almighty Name  
That form'd the Earth and Sea?  
And can an All-creating Arm  
Grow weary or decay?

III.

Treasures of everlasting Might  
In our JEHOVAH dwell;  
He gives the Conquest to the weak,  
And treads their Foes to Hell.

The

## IV.

The Saints shall mount on Eagle's Wings,  
 And taste the promis'd Bliss,  
 Till their unwearied Feet arrive  
 Where perfect Pleasure is.

H Y M N XXXV.

## I.

**B**EHOLD the Rose of *Sharon* here,  
 The Lily, which the Vallies bear;  
 Behold the Tree of Life, that gives  
 Refreshing Fruit and healing Leaves.

## II.

Among the Thorns so Lilies shine,  
 Among wild Gourds the noble Vine:  
 So in mine Eyes my Savior proves,  
 Amidst a Thousand meaner Loves.

## III.

Beneath His cooling Shade I sat,  
 To shield me from the burning Heat;  
 Of

Of heav'nly Fruit He spreads a Feast,  
To feed my Eyes, and please my Taste.

IV.

With living Bread and gen'rous Wine,  
He cheers this sinking Heart of mine;  
And op'ning his own Heart to me,  
He shews his Thoughts how kind they  
be.

V.

O! never let my Lord depart,  
For ever rest upon my Heart.  
I charge my Sins not once to move,  
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

H Y M N XXXVI.

I.

**V**AIN are the Hopes the Sons of  
Men

On their own Works have built;  
Their Hearts by Nature are unclean,  
And all their Actions Guilt.

Let

II.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths,  
Without a murm'ring Word,  
And the whole Race of Adam stand  
Guilty before their Lord.

III.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the Law can do.

IV.

*Jesus*, how glorious is thy Grace!  
When in thy Name we trust,  
Our Faith receives a Righteousness  
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVII.

*The Lord our Righteousness.*

I.

**H**OW heavy is the Night  
That hangs upon our Eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving Light  
Over our Souls arise !

II.

Our guilty Spirits dread  
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;  
But, in his Righteousness array'd,  
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

III.

Unholy and impure  
Are all our Thoughts and Ways,  
His Hands infected Nature cure  
With sanctifying Grace.



IV.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree  
To hold our Souls in vain ;  
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed Chain.

V.

Lord, we adore thy ways,  
To bring us near to God ;  
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,  
And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

*Regeneration.*

I.

**N**OT all the outward Forms on  
Earth,

Nor Rites that God has giv'n,  
Nor Will of Man, nor Blood, nor Birth,  
Can raise a Soul to Heav'n.

The

II.

The sov'reign Will of God alone  
Creates us Heirs of Grace :  
Born in the Image of his Son,  
A new peculiar Race.

III.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly Wind  
Blows on the Sons of Flesh,  
New-models all the carnal Mind,  
And forms the Man afresh.

IV.

Our quicken'd Souls awake and rise  
From the long Sleep of Death ;  
On heav'nly Things we fix our Eyes,  
And Praise employs our Breath.

H Y M N XXXIX.

*Repenting Prodigal.*

I.

WHO can describe the Joys that  
rise  
Thro' all the Courts of Paradise,

To see a Prodigal return,  
To see an Heir of Glory born ?

II.

With Joy the Father doth approve  
The Fruit of his eternal Love :  
The Son with Joy looks down and sees  
The Purchase of his Agonies.

III.

The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy Soul He form'd anew :  
And Saints and Angels join to sing  
The growing Empire of their King.

H Y M N XL.

I.

CHRIST and his Cross is all our  
Theme ;

The Myst'ries that we speak  
Are Scandal in the *Jews* Esteem,  
And Folly to the *Greek*.

But

## II.

But Souls enlighten'd from above  
 With Joy receive the Word ;  
 They see what Wisdom, Pow'r and Love  
 Shines in their dying Lord.

## III.

The vital Saviour of his Name  
 Restores their fainting Breath ;  
 But Unbelief perverts the same  
 To Guilt, Despair, and Death.

## IV.

Till God diffuse his Graces down,  
 Like Show'rs of heav'nly Rain,  
 In vain *Apollos* sows the Ground,  
 And *Paul* may plant in vain.

## H Y M N XLI.

## I.

**H**AD I the Tongues of *Greeks* and  
*Jews*,  
 And nobler Speech than Angels use,

If

If Love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

## II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell;  
Or cou'd my Faith the World remove;  
Still I am nothing without Love.

## III.

Shou'd I distribute all my Store  
To feed the Bowels of the Poor,  
Or give my Body to the Flame,  
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name:

## IV.

If Love to God, and Love to Men  
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain.  
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal  
The Work of Love can e'er fulfill.

H Y M N



H Y M N XLII.

I.

**M**ISTAKEN Souls, that dream of  
Heav'n,  
And make their empty Boast  
Of inward Joys and Sins forgiv'n,  
While they are Slaves to Lust.

II.

Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,  
If Faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living Pow'r unites  
To *Christ* the living Head.

III.

'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart,  
'Tis Faith that works by Love;  
That bids all sinful Joys depart,  
And lifts the Thoughts above.

Faith

## IV.

Faith must obey her Father's Will,  
 As well as trust in Grace ;  
 A pard'ning God is jealous still  
 For his own Holiness.

## H Y M N XLIII.

## I.

**J**ESUS, in Thee our Eyes behold  
 A thousand Glories more  
 Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold,  
 The Sons of *Aaron* wore.

## II.

They first their own Burnt-off'rings  
 brought,  
 To purge themselves from Sin :  
 Thy Life was pure without a Spot,  
 And all thy Nature clean.

Fresh

III.

Fresh Blood, as constant as the Day,  
Was on their Altar spilt;  
But thy one Off'ring takes away,  
For ever, all our Guilt.

IV.

Their Priesthood ran thro' several Hands,  
For mortal was their Race;  
Thy never-changing Office stands  
Eternal as thy Days.

V.

CHRIST ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's Face:  
Give Him, my Soul, thy Cause to  
plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

H Y M N XLIV.

I.

**W**HY does your Face, ye humble  
Souls,

Those mournful Colours wear?

K

What

What Doubts are these that waste your  
Faith,  
And nourish your Despair?

II.

What tho' your num'rous Sins exceed  
The Stars that fill the Skies,  
And, aiming at th' eternal Throne,  
Like pointed Mountains rise?

III.

What tho' your mighty Guilt beyond  
The wide Creation swell,  
And has it's curs'd Foundations laid  
Low as the Deeps of Hell?

IV.

See here an endless Ocean flows  
Of never-failing Grace;  
Behold, a dying Savior's Veins  
The sacred Flood increase.

Awake,

## V.

Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grace  
 That buries all our Faults,  
 The pard'ning Blood, that swells above  
 The fondest of our Thoughts.

## H Y M N XLV.

## I.

**W**HEN I can read my Title clear  
 To Mansions in the Skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,  
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.

## II.

Shou'd Earth against my Soul engage,  
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,  
 And face a frowning World.

## III.

Like a wild Deluge Cares may come,  
 And Storms of Sorrow fall,

May



So I but safely reach my Home,  
My God, my Heav'n, my All.

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul  
In Seas of heav'nly Rest,  
And not a Wave of Trouble roll  
Across my peaceful Breast.



F I N I S.

